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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLV. CHICAGO, AUGUST 30, 1900. NUMBER 27

Wisconsin Congress of Religion

Proceedings and Addresses

of the

First Session Held at Green Bay, Wis.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

THE BLANK LEAF BETWEEN THE OLD AND THE NEW TESTAMENTS : : :

ABSTRACTS OF NORMAL CLASS TALKS ON THE NON-BIBLICAL JEWISH WRITINGS : : :

BY

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Prefatory Note.

This is doubtless the poorest book ever published on the subjects treated. It is inadequate, fragmentary, and necessarily inaccurate in many particulars, but inasmuch as it is the only attempt so far as I know to bring within the reach of the children in our English-speaking schools, Sunday-schools and homes the wealth of poetry and history that abounds in the non-biblical Jewish writings produced in the momentous centuries immediately preceding the Christian era, the publication may perhaps be justified.

My hope is that this transient publication may do a little in the following directions:

1. To prove that the great Apocalyptic creations of this period have high literary values and that they are rich in ethical and spiritual power, quite apart from their scholastic and theological significance.

2. To show that much of this literature is even now available to the general reader, the intelligent parent, and the wise teacher.

3. To induce a few Sunday-schools to travel on this road, believing that even with the meager helps within our reach delightful and profitable results can be obtained.

4. To stimulate others who have more time, talent and money to enter into this too long neglected field, and thus bring out the book or books that will promptly supersede this one, whose final justification may be found in the fact that it did something toward provoking further study.

5. To pass on a little of the pleasure enjoyed by the members of the classes, old and young, who in All Souls Church, Chicago, gave a year's time to these studies.

These talks were originally given extempore to the Tuesday Morning Mothers' Class in Religion, which is also the Sunday-school Teachers' Normal Class of All Souls Church. They were stenographically reproduced by Miss Minnie Burroughs and afterward condensed and vivified for weekly publication in UNITY by Miss Evelyn H. Walker, of the Publication Committee of All Souls Church, receiving thereafter but little supervision or oversight from the undersigned, who realizes that their imperfections are too inherent for correction.

They are humbly submitted for what they are worth and for what little good they may do.

June 20, 1900. J. Ll. J.

Single Copies 20 cents., per Dozen $1.50.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1900. NUMBER 27

The Rev. C. M. Sheldon, of Topeka fame, before sailing from Liverpool to America, said in a farewell address: "The people generally know what is right, but they want to be trained to do it. If the churches, forgetting their differences, would work together in the interest of the worst quarters of their cities, it would be difficult to picture the great effect that would be produced."

The *Coming Day*, a religious monthly published in London, thus comments on the Chinese situation:

> Yes, let the old game begin all over again! Curse the "yellow skins," cant about "the white man's burden," exaggerate the "barbarism," bluster about the "insolence" of the natives, threaten to upset the government and readjust it as we please, swagger about "the flag," and even try to drag in "Queen and country." Then blow off the froth, and what does it all amount to? That Germany and Russia behaved as common thieves, in annexing Chinese territory, that England followed their bad example, and that the Chinese were naturally once more roused against the foreigner. From every quarter we hear that the insolent interferences of Europe are largely responsible for what has occurred. Is this Pro-Chinese? We admit it. We should be "Pro-Englander" if Germany took Dover, if France squatted at Newhaven, if Russia annexed Norfolk, and if they all told us to mend our manners.

The *Enquirer* (London) for August 4 contains a most discriminating review of Dean Farrar's last work, "The Life of Lives," by J. Estlin Carpenter, of Oxford. In this work the Dean of Canterbury returns to the task he took up a quarter of a century ago when he wrote "The Life of Christ." The concluding sentence in Mr. Carpenter's notice is interpretative not only of the book but of the present attitude of scholars toward the story of Jesus and the treasures of the Bible:

> The simple fact is that no study of the life of Jesus can hope to succeed until the atmosphere of belief and expectation in which the Gospels took their rise has been thoroughly realized. There is no trace in this book of any serious effort for this end. Those who start from the author's premises will naturally not miss it. But this method of treating the greatest of historical inquiries will only satisfy those who are convinced already.

Charles A. Hammond, through the press of W. F. Humphrey, Geneva, Ill., has pubilshed "Gerrit Smith; a Story of a Noble Man's Life," in an attractive pamphlet of eighty pages. It is a story worthy to be retold. One of the men who having wealth knew how to dedicate it to high purposes, a man whose ample means did not prevent him from investing in the bank of ideas. Let the young men know more about this man who was the friend of Lincoln, a co-worker with John Brown. He helped keep Kansas free and made North Elba the hope of the colored man before the war and a shrine to the lover of freedom after the war. The pamphlet closes with a sermon which Robert Collyer delivered in Unity Church, Chicago, the Sunday after the death of Mr. Smith, January 11, 1875.

Colonel Higginson, in the *Independent* for August 16, under the title of "Guesses at Fame," gives an interesting analysis of two popular attempts to find the first fifty names entitled to be inscribed on the "Temple of Fame," to be reared on University Heights on the Hudson, the one representing 776 voters through the Brooklyn *Eagle;* the other, 938 voters through the Minneapolis *Journal.* With interesting unanimity the first forty are included in both lists, and Abraham Lincoln and not George Washington leads both lists, while Benjamin Franklin out-votes the "Father of his country" in the Brooklyn list. Colonel Higginson calls attention to the significant fact that while special requirement is made for judges of supreme courts, college presidents, professors, editors and authors, there is no specialized place made for the clergy. Henry Ward Beecher is the only name of a clergyman which we notice given a place in these two lists, Theodore Parker's name being excluded because of his having died abroad, Phillips Brooks because he died since 1890. It would seem as though in a list of fifty there ought to be three or four preachers' names. It would be interesting to take a referendum vote of UNITY readers on five great American preachers who deserve a place in the "Temple of Fame." We will be glad to compile such a vote, closing the polls say November 1. But no more significant evidence of the fickleness of "fame" need be produced than that offered by Colonel Higginson. In 1840 N. P. Willis boasted to Longfellow that he had made ten thousand dollars with his pen. "I wish I had made ten hundred," was Longfellow's reply. While in this Brooklyn list Longfellow receives 718 votes and appears seventh on the list, N. P. Willis receives but one vote.

"The American Boy."

This is the title of a well-printed thirty-two page monthly that lies before us. It is the tenth number of volume one, published in Detroit, and seems to be a characteristic and successful newspaper enterprise. It abounds in illustrations, chiefly such as represent the boy at his maximum of fun and enterprise. The front page is illuminated with a bare-headed boy in the costume and characteristic attitude of a base ball player. On either side are some more boys of a smaller size, ready to give him critical study and unquestioned admiration. The implication of the whole paper is that this boy on the frontispiece is the typical American boy, the boy that is always on hand when there is any fun going on, the boy who is an authority on all matters of sport, whose speech is full of academic slang, who knows all the college songs, swings easily into any society, is a devourer of stories, not backward in his studies and is an elegant dancer; altogether the pride of his sisters, the hope of his parents, the joy and perplexity of his teacher and the admiration of his girl

companions. This is the boy who will in due time arrive at college, and be "rushed" by and in due time will "rush" for a Greek fraternity which will of course contain the "smartest" boys, the "brightest" scholars and the most "faithful unto death" companions in the college. He will stand high in athletics, perhaps belong to the glee club, and will of course be "economical" but will not propose to be "mean," and so he will stand his "share" in all the assessments and take part in all the occasions, must early in his college course have his claw-hammer coat and patent leather shoes for the "simple little social events." He will be manly enough to smoke a cigarette in select company and know enough not to take "too much wine" at the banquet and never more beer "than is proper."

This boy will graduate with some mitigated "honors" but his achievements will be more social than intellectual. He will push steadily into business or a profession and some bright girl will marry one who starts in life "well equipped and with brilliant prospects." The chances are that this boy at forty will be a commonplace man with more prosperity than enthusiasm, distrustful of ideals, with a contempt for "cranks." He will be suspicious of reformers and skeptical about reforms. He will be conventional in his church relations, will have no time for politics or for religion, will be more careful about his dress and his bank account than he is of the fine points of ethics involved in his trade or profession. He may own a church pew and attend church once in a while, but he is at heart a cynic and his skepticism does not stop with a disbelief in the creeds but a deep distrust in spiritual forces, in altruistic motives and in intangible things.

Is this the typical "American boy" and is this the normal output of our colleges? We have in mind another kind of a boy, a shy, quiet and somewhat awkward lad who has many chores to do, but who between long hours of work finds cracks of time for the book that is borrowed or, better yet, bought with hard earned pennies. This boy's life is somewhat shadowed by the menacing mortgage on the homestead, unpaid bills or waning health of father and mother. This boy is afraid of the girls, though he dreams of a time when he may be eligible to their company; he blushes when spoken to and loses his tongue when there is company, but he makes long speeches, writes essays and sings when alone in the field or in the shop. This boy has an itch to hear the conversation of his elders and is never so happy as when he is obscured in a corner and overhears their talk. This boy has great schemes for himself or for others, of which he cannot talk. He begins early to build air castles in Spain.

He too in due time will win college, though his arrival will be delayed, for he must earn a part, if not all, of the money. When this boy arrives at college he will be awkward in manner, and his clothes, though respectable, will not quite fit. He will not be sought by the "frats," he will have no time for athletics, he will not shine in the class room, his graduation will be obscure and he will promptly disappear after commencement; but ten years hence he will be a rising man in his business or profession, and twenty years hence he will be a leader in thought and morals. And when in the fullness of time he dies it will be as if one of the pillars of the temple had fallen. Men, women and little children will miss him. Something will have gone out of the state, a joy out of the community. Society will miss a propelling power, progress will lose a pair of hands.

But many of our readers will protest against this antithesis and say, Why not run the pictures together; why not have the boy and the man shine in society, unite the graces of the ball room, the hilarity of youth with the brooding meditation of the student and the slow development of the soul? We cannot answer the question. Perhaps this is possible, but are there not psychological laws that decree that character is a thing not only of slow growth but of quiet nursing, silent incubation, and circumstances are unfavorable for such a development that puts the young into a category by themselves, making of them shapers of their own destiny, makers of their own spiritual environment, rather than unconscious recipients of an influence ever streaming from above. What kind of a boy is the "American boy" anyhow? We cannot tell. Who can?

What kind of a boy should the "American boy" be? Still more difficult is the question, and who can answer it?

Summer Schools—The Tower Hill Experiment.

Our correspondents have from time to time reported of the work of the Tower Hill Summer School and in over kindly terms described various sections of its activity and phases of the life it seeks to engender. But now that the session for 1900 is over a general summary of the work, with some comment upon the same, may not be amiss from him who assumed the role of conductor. That the summer school has come to stay in American life there can be no doubt. That it is now entangled in a mass of crudities, dissipations and silly distractions of mind there also can be no doubt. That it is all experimental as yet is also indisputable. In a further elaboration and development there is no doubt but that the summer school will be clearly differentiated from the "Summer Assembly" and the "Chautauqua encampments" as they are now conducted. These latter must seek the crowd; their successes are dependent upon the successful aggregation of the multitude. Their problem is comparatively a simple one: How to secure the greatest number of "attractions" and to so locate and advertise the same that a sufficient multitude will come to pay the expenses and leave something over for the management in the shape of gate fees. In the conduct of these "summer assemblies" there is a natural and happy combination of enterprises. The railroads, lyceum agencies, boarding house keepers and summer hotel men gladly conspire with the management to bring about the desired result. The greater the variety, the more brilliant the orators and striking the contrasts, the more assured is the success. So we find Sam Jones and John Fiske, plantation singers, elocutionists, Bible studies, mother-classes, kindergarten work and science work jumbled together. By the variety of these "attractions" the tented city becomes

populous and the inhabitants thereof select that which they most affect, and still have time, money and strength for the bathing, eating, boating, riding, dressing and the flirtations that belong thereto. All this is good. This industry has justified itself in many ways and deserves encouragement.

But the summer school seeks another good and must seek it in other ways, and any attempt to avail itself of the above methods will probably prove disastrous both to "assembly" and to "school." The summer school must seek simplicity and not variety, continuity and not change, quiet and not noise, sobriety and meditation, not excitement. The master poets will not compromise with the fashion plate, and the spirit resents the prompt effacement of profound emotions and high thoughts by the dancing party that disturbs the quiet hours of rest and the holy calm of night.

As the *Reform Advocate* well says in a recent editorial, "the very atmosphere of the watering place is impregnated with a zest for pleasure and fun," while the atmosphere most conducive to a summer school should be impregnated with a zest for thought, for quiet meditation and for plainness of dress and of speech. We are not speaking of the academic work that is continued into the summer by educational institutions, but of that possible happy combination of bodily rest and mental renewal, of external calm and beauty with mental nutriment and spiritual upbuilding.

As an experiment in this direction the experience of the Tower Hill Summer School may have in it some encouragement and some warning to those who would seek to establish similar experiments. The direction of this experiment can best be illustrated by a resume of the worg done at its eleventh session, just closed.

The first item of encouragement is that the outline, as previously promulgated and printed in UNITY, was carried out almost to the letter. Only one of the expected teachers failed to appear. Professor Cheney, of the University of Chicago, who was prevented from attending by serious illness, sent a substitute, so that during the five weeks there were twenty-five morning exercises in literature, Mr. Jones giving twenty of them and Miss Mitchell five; fourteen afternoon science talks; eighteen evening lectures, all but four of them illustrated with the stereopticon, illuminated by the acetylene gas light, which makes a very satisfactory and exceedingly economic light for such exercises. Seventeen speakers were present, all the expenses of which were borne, the services given free. Twenty-two registration tickets were sold, six partial registration tickets, six family tickets, ten children's tickets, one hundred and sixty single admissions. The total number of guests entertained on the ground was about eighty, while the Hillside Home School and neighboring farm houses contributed a goodly number at the classes, besides several hundred more at each of the Sunday meetings. This is meager returns enough after eleven years of work. But it gave a daily class of about forty and has created in these years a Tower Hill band of several hundred scattered all over the country who have found each other on the high places of life.

The wide range of life here gathered goes far toward making it spiritually large. This year there were representatives in attendance from eleven states of the Union—Oregon, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas and Wisconsin. Catholics, Jews, Quakers, Methodists, Presbyterians, Unitarians and others took part in the meetings. Scotch, Irish, Welsh, German, Dutch and American represented the race inheritance. Although the topics were chosen along a few lines and with special reference to the preparation and ability of the teacher, as a matter of fact the topics ranged from John Brown to Gothic Cathedrals, from bugs to birds and from birds to poets. The first period of morning work introduced the Preraphaelite workers and leaders, presenting the helpful combination of poetry and painting. The second period in literature was given to Victor Hugo's dramas, as interpreted by Miss Anne Mitchell. One week was given to the so-called apocryphal literature of the Jews, and the last week to a comparative study of the poetry of Emerson, Browning and Whitman, each of the three being summoned at each session to give testimony concerning poetry, nature, art, religion and death. The religious spirit was expressed and intensified by the three Sunday exercises, which might deserve the title of "popular," for as is usual the people came from twenty-five or thirty miles around and thoroughly enjoyed the free fellowship and the high preaching that may be expected when such men as Simmons, Duncan, Pike, Gillmore, Wilson, Dean Johnson, Leiser, Hawley and Dean Ricker are on the program. The message of some of these men will find its way into the pages of UNITY. The universities of Illinois and Wisconsin were represented in the teaching force by two deans and five professors, instructors and fellows.

The conclusion of the eleventh experiment may be summed up as follows: All expenses were easily met with a small margin left over as a contribution to the company that offered all the material, machinery and gave spiritual environment thereto. There was no provision made for amusement. All disturbing influences were carefully warded off. Instruction was not the aim, but profound impressions were sought as to the meaning and power of the poets and poetry under consideration, and of the nature and human nature at hand. Transient and irregular indifferent attendance was discouraged, and those who tried to get something in that way probably received but poor returns for their time and strength wasted. Those who came regularly, yielded their whole souls to the one purpose, got most; and all such received so much that they went away anxious for more. They reluctantly separated with the sincere intention of coming again a year from now.

This experiment justifies us in saying let others go and do likewise, only better.

The Dream and the Act.

And art Thou patient with me yet, that I
Have never matched the dream unto the act?
That though mine eyes the uplands could descry,
The strength to climb thereto my feet have lacked?
Ah! patient One! that broodest still in love,
Over the germ divine my soul doth bear,
And yearn'st to lift me all vague dreams above—
Stir me to that *impatience* that shall dare.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE.

Readings In Modern Mexican Authors.

II.

JOSE LOPEZ PORTILLA Y ROJAS.

(Copyrighted).

Jose Dopez-Portilla y Rojas was born at Guadalajara May 26, 1850. His father was an eminent lawyer and teacher in the law school. Son of wealthy parents, the young man was given every opportunity for study, first in his home city and later at the capital. His final studies in law were made at Guadalajara, where, in 1871, he became *licenciado*. His parents then gave him an opportunity for foreign travel. He visited the United States, Great Britain and Ireland, France and Italy, Egypt and the Holy Land. On his return he published his *Impressiones de viaje* (Impressions of travel). Since that time Senor Lopez-Portilla y Rojas, has practiced law, represented his state in the National Congress, taught in the law school and done important work in journalism. His writings are always clear, direct and marked by a literary style of unusual grace and purity. Besides his scattered articles and the book already mentioned, he has edited —with notable scholarship—the interesting *Cronica de Jalisco* (Chronicle of JJalisco) of Fray Antonio Tello, and written a novel, *La Parcela* (The Piece of Land). It is from this last work that our selections are taken.

In *La Parcela* the author presents a sketch of characteristic country life. The novel has for purpose the illustration of the strong, almost morbid, affection for land felt by the native proprietor.

Don Pedro Ruiz is a wealthy and progressive *hacienderlo* of pure Indian blood. He is noble-hearted, thoughtful, shrewd, intelligent and a man of resources. A widower, he is devotedly attached to his only son, Gonzalo, a fine young fellow of twenty-three years. The owner of the adjoining property, don Miguel Diaz, has been a life-long friend, and between them exists the artificial relation of *compadre*. His wife, dona Paz, is a cousin of don Pedro; there is one daughter, a beautiful, gentle but rather weak lady named Ramona. The two young persons—Gonzalo and Ramona—have grown up like brother and sister; their childish affection has ripened into love, and at the beginning of the story they are engaged to be married. Don Pedro is by far the richest man of all the district. Don Miguel is also wealthy, but has seen with some jealousy and dissatisfaction the constantly increasing difference between their fortunes. This dissatisfaction, encouraged by a scheming lawyer, leads to his claiming a worthless bit of property on the borders of his and don Pedro's lands. The value of the land is but a trifle to either party; but don Pedro, sure that right is on his side, refuses to yield to the unjust demands of his neighbor.

Don Miguel at first seizes the property by force, but is dispossessed by don Pedro's tenants. The bitter feeling aroused by this incident leads to a battle between two tenants of the two masters; both of the fighters are thrown into jail. Carried into the courts, the boundary line is infamously determined by a corrupted judge; a higher court reverses the decision and don Pedro is supported in his rights. Furious with anger, don Miguel seeks to injure his neighbor. Through a wicked scheme plotted with the local authority, the tenant of don Pedro, who has been in jail, is assassinated. A great dam, which holds back a mighty volume of water for driving mills, irrigating the property, etc., is damaged by don Miguel's orders, with the idea that the inundation will ruin the property of don Pedro.

Throughout these various exciting incidents—seizure, dispossession, law-suit, appeal, assassination and diabolical destruction—the love affairs of the young people are naturally more or less disturbed. Having carried things to such a climax, the author brings about a sudden reconciliation and the story ends.

"Good morning, *compadre* don Miguel," said don Pedro as soon as he recognized the horseman who arrived.

Good morning, *compadre,"* replied the newcomer, checking his horse and dismounting.

The servant who accompanied him quickly dismounted from his horse and went to hold, by the bridle, that of his master. Then he bent to remove his master's spurs.

"No, Marcos," said don Miguel to him, "do not remove them. We shall go on at once."

"How! *compadre,"* said don Pedro; "then you will not remain to take breakfast with me?"

"No, not to-day, because I must arrive at Derramadero before 6, and it is yet distant."

"That is true, *compadre;* but there will be another day, will there not? Pass in, pass in. Do you desire that we sit down here on the bench to enjoy the fresh air, or shall we go into the office?"

"We are very well here. Do not trouble yourself."

"Very well. What are you doing so early?"

"It does not please me to visit. I come to treat of our business."

"What business?"

"That which we have pending."

"But we have nothing pending."

"How not? The Monte de la Pericos."

"What about it?"

"I want you to decide whether you will yield it to me."

"Why do we speak of this? A thousand times I have told you that the Monte is mine."

"That is what you say, but the truth is that it belongs to me."

"*Compadre,* it is better that we talk of something else; leave this matter. Are we not friends?"

"We are so; but that is not to say that you may deprive me of my things. What sort of friendship is that?"

In fact, at a very short distance from where the group found itself, there were seen down below, through the shrubbery, the four men of don Miguel. They were stretched out on the ground upon their blankets, and in the shadow of the trees conversed without suspicion, with their eyes fastened on the

horses, unbridled and fastened to the trees, were pasturing on the green herbage.

"But, man! How good was that blow?" said one of the *mozos*. "It still gives me delight."

"What a surprise for the poor *montero!*" exclaimed another.

"What will don Pedro say?"

"He will have to calm his rage."

And they laughed with their mouths open. Just then they heard the tramp of horses, and turning their heads saw don Pedro, followed by his men. They tried to rise to draw their pistols.

"Do not stir!" said don Pedro in a terrible voice, "or we will shoot you." And he and all his held their arms ready.

There was nothing to be done. The servants of don Miguel comprehended that all resistance was useless.

"Master, we are taken," said one of them.

"Do you surrender at discretion?"

"There is no way to avoid it."

"Then give up your arms. Look, Roque, dismount and take away from the gentlemen their rifles, their pistols, their sabres and their cartridge boxes."

They gave up with trembling hands the pistols and the cartridge boxes. The rifles were hanging from the saddles of their horses.

"Now," continued don Pedro, "tie their hands behind them and help them to get onto their horses. Distribute their arms so that their weight shall not be too great, and let each one take the halter of a horse in order that he may lead it."

All was done with the rapidity of lightning. The men of don Pedro strongly tied the hands of the conquered behind their backs with the satisfaction of the tyrant characteristic of all conquerors. One of the captured, Panfilo Vargas, was vexed and said:

"They gain advantage because they are more than we. Tie quickly for some day you will know who I am. We are *arrieros,* and we go through the country."

"Shut your mouth, braggart!" said don Pedro angrily. "How many were you this morning? There were six of you to take the poor *montero,* who was alone and not expecting anyone. As for you, you were left here to guard and had the obligation of not permitting yourselves to be surprised. You have lost because you are fools. Who told you to be careless? They shall know that I do not sleep nor neglect mine own. Let him who jokes with me be careful." Then he turned to Oceguera, saying to him, "Where is the *montero* hidden?"

"Here am I, master," replied the *montero* himself, appearing from the bushes.

"I was looking for you to order you to attend to your business in your place. Have no fear. I shall send reinforcements. Do not move from here until I tell you."

"Very well, sir."

"Let us go then," ordered Ruiz. And the party put itself on the road to the *hacienda,* just as the sun began to set and the great shadows from the mountains were extending themselves across the valley.

Roque passed the *arroyo* and entered the camp. Some time passed and he did not return. Panfilo began to believe that he did not come to the appointment because he was afraid; but soon he heard a whistle at the foot of the slope and saw Roque on horseback, striking his chest arrogantly, as if saying:

"Here you have me at your orders."

On seeing him Panfilo hastened to meet him.

"Now yes," said Roque, "here I am ready to save you and give you all you want."

"Well, you know what I want; that we shall have a good tussle."

"It seems to me that here we have a good place."

"Well, then, do me the favor," exclaimed the impetuous Panfilo, drawing a revolver.

"Listen to me," said Roque, drawing his also; "if really you desire that we shall kill each other, don't let us create an excitement. Put away your pistol and take your machete."

"I will do what I please. Are you afraid of the noise?"

"It is you who should be afraid of the noise, lest they hear us and come to part us. If we do not succeed at the first shot nothing will come of it, for they will come and separate us. Is that perhaps what you want?"

"You are right," replied Panfilo. "Well, then, there is no time to lose. Let us get at it."

* * * *

Soon they found themselves on foot, lame, covered with dust, pale, horrible. They seemed not men, but fierce beasts.

* * * *

The contest could not prolong itself for the combatants were exhausted. They could scarcely move; but they did not wish to yield, since although strength failed, anger more than abounded.

Chance finally settled the contest. When Roque raised his arm to deal a blow with his machete upon Panfilo's head, the latter by a quick movement tried to parry the blow, to save his head from being cleft open. But he parried it, not with his blade, but with the haft, and the heavy weapon of his antagonist severed his smaller fingers. With this there fell to the ground the sword and the amputated fingers; that tinged with blood, these livid and convulsed.

"Now, yes, I have lost," exclaimed the wounded man with a gesture of grief.

"Yes, friend," replied Roque, filled with consternation. "What need was there of this?"

"It is a thing of bad luck; who may gain may lose. You have proved me a man; you cannot deny that."

"How have I to deny it? The truth is that you have much courage. Let me bind your hand with this cloth to see if the blood can be staunched."

Saying this Roque wrapped the hand with his great kerchief.

"Where do you desire that I take you?" he asked. "You cannot go alone."

"Go and leave me; do not let them take you prisoner," replied Panfilo.

"Though they take me to jail, I will not leave you."

"Well, then, help me to get near to Chopo. When we are within sight of the hacienda save yourself."

"Wherever you wish; let us walk along."

They started. Panfilo advanced with difficulty; he murmured and suffered with thirst. He stopped frequently to drink in the *arroyos* and Roque gave him water in the hollow of his hand.

"Friend," he said, "it gives me sorrow to see you so injured."

"There is no reason; I am to blame."

"It had been better that we had not fought."

"Why do we speak of this? There is now no remedy."

The wounded man was presently unable to walk. Supported on Roque's arm he progressed very slowly. Finally it was necessary to carry him like a child. Thus they came in sight of Chopo. Panfilo did not wish Roque to carry him farther.

"May God reward you," he said to him. "Leave me upon this stone and hurry away that they may not come to seize you."

"Though they seize me, how can I leave you alone?"

"Every little while the *peons* and their women pass; they will carry me to my house. Go."

"Good friend, since you wish it, I will go; but one thing is necessary first; without it I will not go."

"What?"

"That we may henceforth be good friends."

"With much pleasure—from now on."

"Do not hold hatred toward me and forget the things that have happened."

"Why should I hold hatred?"

"Because of what I did."

"You did it like a man; it needs naught said."

"Then give me the good hand."

"Here it is," answered the wounded man, extending his hot left hand. Roque grasped it with feeling.

"God grant that you may soon be well, he murmured."

"With a maimed hand," added the wounded man, his pallid and dry lips contracted in a sad smile.

"God's will be done," said Roque, sympathetically.

At this moment a whistle was heard from near by.

"Indeed it is time that you go," said Panfilo. "Do you not see that persons are coming?"

He could scarcely speak; he was on the point of losing consciousness.

Roque hesitated.

"How leave you?" he said.

"Go, if you desire that we be friends; if not, remain."

"Then I leave."

"Farewell, and run fast that they may not overtake you."

So urgent and impassioned was his request that the girl was moved in spite of herself. To quench the sympathy which arose in her bosom she recalled to herself that he who thus spoke was the nominal friend of Gonzalo, and on remembering this she felt that for her budding pity was substituted vexation and indignation. Thus this harsh reproach escaped her lips:

"And you call yourself the friend of Gonzalo."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of Luis it would not have produced a more prostrating effect.

"Gonzalo is my friend, in fact," he gasped.

"Not if he knew himself," insisted Ramona, ironically. "If it were so you could not have spoken as you have just done."

"Then are you yet in relations with him?"

"You know it very well."

"No," replied the unfortunate youth, pale as a corpse; "I give you my word as a gentleman that I did not know it. My father told me some days past that he knew these relations were broken; only for this reason have I forced myself to reveal to you my love. I may endure the fact that you do not love me, since such is my lot, but I cannot be willing that you should consider me disloyal. I desire that you should esteem me even if you may not love me."

* * * *

The youth in the meantime had arrived at his home, mounted his horse and immediately sallied forth to the house of Luis. He sent a message to his former friend by a servant, begging him that he would come outside, which Medina did immediately, well bred and polite as he was.

"Gonzalo!" said Medina, extending his hand.

"I come to arrange with you a very serious matter," replied our youth, without extending his.

"You have me at your orders," replied Luis, exchanging the friendly expression of his face for another more severe.

"Only we cannot do it here. Mount your horse and take your arms. I await you."

And by the contraction of his features and the pallor of his countenance, Medina knew that Gonzalo had come on a warlike errand, and was not slow in divining what was the cause of his annoyance. Without replying a single word he entered the house and soon reappeared and mounted his horse, with a pistol at his belt and a sword at the saddle. "Here you have me," he said to Gonzalo.

"Come," replied Gonzalo, "let us go to the field."

Together they took the street which most quickly would bring them to the end of the village, and went a considerable stretch outside the town. Leaving the road they went into the meadows and stopped at a little open space formed by four immense *camichines*, which, extending over the space, their broad, flat and immovable boughs projected a dense and heavy shadow around.

"I have brought you to this spot," said Gonzalo, stopping his horse, "because it is retired and no one may see or hear us. It is unnecessary to enter into explanations; you know how gravely you have offended me, and in what way. That is sufficient. Now I desire that you shall give me satisfaction with arms in hand."

"Although I am not valiant, I have some dignity and never will I yield before an enemy who challenges me," answered Luis, tranquilly; 'but I have one remark to make to you, which is, that my conscience does not reproach me with having done anything to offend you."

"Yes, I was expecting that you would deny responsibility for your acts. Anything else was impossible."

"Moderate your words. Do not let us pass to a serious occasion without some rational cause."

"Pretext," cried Gonzalo; "you do not desire to fight. You are a coward." Saying this he placed his hand upon his pistol for a moment. Luis was livid and acted as if he would follow his example; but he stopped and left his arm in place, recalling his promise to Ramona at the ball.

"One moment," he said, "only one moment; if you are a man and not a brute, as you seem to be, you must first hear me. By my mother's honor, I assure you that I am disposed to fight; but not before we understand each other. What is the matter?"

"You love Ramona. Deny that if you can."

"God save me from committing such a vile act! It is true."

"You have courted her."

"That is true."

"You danced with her the night of the *fiesta*."

"That also is true."

"You made a declaration of love to her."

"I cannot deny that."

"You are a shameless being, because you knew she was my sweetheart and that we were engaged to be married."

"That is not true."

Gonzalo threw upon Luis a glance of infinite contempt on hearing these words.

"You are a wretch," he cried, "and it is necessary that I punish you. Defend yourself."

"Assassinate me if you wish; I will not draw my pistol until you have heard me. Come, dispatch me; here you have me," and he exposed his breast to his challenger.

"There is nothing to do but hear you in order to quit you of every excuse for your cowardice. Speak, and hurry, for I am impatient to punish you."

"I call God to witness that I believed your love relations with Ramona were broken. Don Miguel had told my father that with absolute certainty. Every one in Citala asserted the same. You did not come to town, and as your father and don Miguel were quarreling it seemed to me probable and I believed it. For

this reason I made love to Ramona. Had it not been for this I would have remained silent, as I have been silent for so many years, for my love to her is nothing new. I have always had it. Ramona informed me of my error and accused me of perversity and treason, as you have just done. She herself can tell you how astonished I was when I learned that it was not true that all was ended between you and that you still loved each other. It caused me infinite grief. Now," pursued the youth, "that you have heard me, I have done, and am at your orders."

The caravan for some leagues journeyed silently, but seeing that the storm approached, the sergeant neared himself to one of the soldiers and said to him in a low voice:

"The storm is coming; here is a good place."

"Yes, we have already gone six leagues and there has not been one person on the road."

"Well then, let us at once to what we have to do; then let us get back to the pueblo."

"That is what I say," responded the soldier.

"Go on then, you already know what you have to do; see if you can do it. I pretend not to look; I will fall behind."

"I go then to see what happens."

The soldier drew near to Roque.

"What cheer, friend? How goes it?"

"Diabolically, friend. How do you expect it goes with me with these cords?" replied the prisoner.

"Yes, it must go very unpleasantly. Why don't you smoke a cigarette?"

"Friend, impossible. Don't you see that I go tied?"

"'Tis true, I see it with pity. Now you will see what we will do. At last the sergeant has fallen behind and will not see us. I'm going to untie you to give you a little rest."

"But will not the sergeant see it? Thank you much; but will he not see?"

"Have no concern; anyway it is very dark."

And the soldier leaned over and untied the knot which held Roque's hands.

"May God reward you, friend," said he, stretching his arms in front of him; "I was very tired. But tell me, why are your hands so cold? Are you chilled?"

"Nothing is the matter with me. The air is damp. But, take a cigarette. Here is the light"—and he reined up.

The unsuspecting Roque rolled the cigarette and lighted it by that which the soldier was smoking. They then went on, talking. After talking for a little time of indifferent matters the gendarme said:

"Man, friend, I sympathize with you and it pains me that you are going to jail."

"There is no alternative friend! Some day I will be out. Anyway the jail does not eat people."

"Good; but it is always atrocious to be a prisoner, and God knows for how long. Why not escape. I will dissemble and you will run. I will fire into the air and you race along into the country and no one can find you."

"I am afraid they will shoot me."

"Don't be afraid; I will help you."

The unfortunate man fell into the snare.

"Do you say it seriously? Are you not fooling?"

"I advise you in earnest. All you need is courage."

"But you tell me when."

"Right now—race along before the sergeant comes."

Roque gave rein to his horse and urged it with quick strokes of his heels against its flanks, but he hardly succeeded in making it take a slow and measured gallop. He had gone but a few steps when a report sounded just behind him and a bullet passed, grazing the brim of his *sombrero*.

"Zounds," he murmured, "what a scare this man has aimed to give me."

And instinctively he tried to place himself in the field at one side of the road to hide himself in the brambles. But there was no time for anything. For all his urging the horse would not do better than his little gallop. He heard the nearing band of horses and various shots sounded. Then he understood that he had fallen into a trap and that he was about to lose his life through it. Impelled by the instinct of self-preservation, he tried to dismount to seek shelter; but it was too late. The gendarmes were upon him, firing with their rifles.

"Jesus help me! Mother receive my spirit!" he said in thought, and fell penetrated by the bullets. Two had entered at the shoulders and emerged at the chest, and the third entered at the neck and destroyed the skull.

What was it which the terrified Diaz then saw? Upon a plank, borne by four peasants, tied down with coarse cords, was a corpse, rigid and yellow. The miserable clothing which covered it, coarse cotton drawers and shirt, was soaked with blood, principally upon the breast, where the abundant and coagulated flow had darkened and become almost black. Above the forehead, in the black harsh hair, matted and stiffened with blood, were visible clots of red, mingled with whitish bits of brain. The livid face, turned toward heaven, bore an expression of anguish which was heart-rending; the eyes half opened and glazed fascinated by their glance; and the opened mouth, dark and full of earth, seemed to exhale inaudible groans and complaints.

The *gendarmes* surrounded the body and the curious crowd followed it. In the midst of the group a woman walked, weeping and uttering cries of grief. She carried a babe at her breast—bearing it with her left arm, and as well as she could led with her right another boy about four years old, barefoot and tattered.

"Roque! my Roque! my husband," cried the miserable woman. "They have killed my hansband! They have killed him! Children! My little ones! Poor little ones! They are orphans! What shall I do? What shall I do? What shall I do? Ay! Ay! Ay!"

In passing close to don Miguel she saw him and said to him, sobbing:

"Senor don Miguel, do you see? They have killed my husband! That is what is there on the board! What shall I do senor don Miguel? What shall I do? Ay! Ay! Ay!"

FREDERICK STARR.

GOOD POETRY.

Sub Pondere Crescit.

Can this be he, whose morning footsteps trod
O'er the green earth as in a regal home?
Whose voice rang out beneath the skyey dome
Like the high utterance of a youthful god?
Now with wan looks and gaze that seeks the sod,
Restless and purposeless as ocean foam,
Across the twilight fields I see him roam
With shoulders bowed, as shrinking from the rod.
Oh, lift the old-time light within thine eyes!
Set free the pristine passion from thy tongue!
Strength grows with burdens; make an end of sighs.
Let thy thoughts soar again their mates among,
And as yon oriole's eager matins rise,
Abroad once more be thy strong anthem flung!

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

The Snowing of the Pines.

Softer than silence, stiller than still air,
Float down from high pine boughs the slender leaves.
The forest floor its annual boon receives
That comes like snowfall, tireless, tranquil, fair.
Gently they glide, gently they clothe the bare
Old rocks with grace. Their fall a mantle weaves
Of paler yellow than autumnal sheaves
Or those strange blossoms the witch-hazels wear.
Athwart long aisles the sunbeams pierce their way;
High up the crows are gathering for the night;
The delicate needles fill the air; the jay
Takes through their golden mist his radiant flight;
They fall and fall, till at November's close
The snowflakes drop as lightly—snows on snows.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Only A Leaf.

It was only a little leaf;
But on it did shine the sun,
The wind did caress, the birds did sing,
And it lived till its work was done.

It was only a little leaf;
But it took its gladsome part
In the great earth's life; and at last
Earth clasped it to her heart.

—*M. J. Savage.*

Another Word of Tower Hill.

DEAR UNITY: May I too speak a word to my fellow readers of UNITY of the Tower Hill Summer School?

One who has stood on Tower Hill and looked over the fertile valley of the Wisconsin, while he listened to the whip-poor-will's song as the lingering sunset glow lighted up the neighboring hills, has seen one of nature's most beautiful expressions. To me the memory of morning and evening meditations on this summit hill came as a soothing influence 'mid the hurry and bustle of city life. The Tower Hill Summer School seems to be a part of these delightful natural settings. There may be and doubtless are other landscapes quite as enchanting, but I doubt if there be at present anywhere another such a school. Its aim to make vacation days a period of natural and restful quiet, apart from fret and worry, and make them also a tonic to the mental and spiritual nature, has kept the management in every detail simple and beautiful. I know of no other place where the same high thought, broad scholarship, experienced teaching and normal study have been so wisely and helpfully combined. The most frank and wholesome cordiality obtains among all the members of the school, and this goes far toward the making of the general atmosphere of the place. This one remembers as a constant benediction. Too much could scarcely be said concerning the work in science done mostly according to the laboratory method by the various professors from the state university, or concerning the evening lectures, many of which have been illustrated and made more effective by the use of the stereopticon. But after all this has been said the general opinion seems to be that the conductor, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, in his interpretations of the greatest things in literature, and his general management of the school, is that which gives color to the whole and makes it most impressive. We give thanks for here and there a man who is great enough to follow his ideals regardless of popular fear or favor, always saying his highest word, leaving the result to time and what too often seems a tardy justice. When I remember how few life songs go to the same tune, my gratitude deepens and my love becomes reverent. No word is able to convey any adequate idea of what this school means annually to some of earth's weary toilers. To appreciate it fully one must be a part of it himself.

FRED V. HAWLEY.

Jackson, Mich., August 20, 1900.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A Scheme for Class-Study and Readings in the Bible: From the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism.

By W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Ethical Society, St. Louis.

PART I.

XI.

Jeremiah.

The great prophet of this epoch, however, was, without doubt, the wonderful Jeremiah. It will be almost impossible to overrate this man's influence. He was to the close of the seventh century what Isaiah had been at the close of the eighth century, only perhaps even more. We have also a greater number of his utterances or writings than we have from the First Isaiah.

We associate him naturally with Deuteronomy, although it is not generally assumed that he was the author of that document. But, taken altogether, it is considered remarkably in keeping with his utterances or prophecies. The author of Deuteronomy and the great prophet Jeremiah must have been kindred in spirit, and they represented the same age with the same eventful epoch in the history of Judaism.

It may have been that Jeremiah's prophecies had a great deal to do in paving the way for the introduction of Deuteronomy and in influencing the mind of the king Josiah, so as to make him ready to accept it, when the document was read to him.

We know a good deal more about the life of Jeremiah than we do about that of Isaiah, because so much of it has been woven into his prophecies. He went through a long experience and saw the catastrophe at last arriving in the destruction of Jerusalem. In him, we may say the spiritual teachings of the great prophecy of Judaism culminated, in so far as their great ethical import is concerned.

If the earlier prophets had been stern, Jeremiah was sterner; if they had been fanatical, Jeremiah was even more fanatical; if they had been monotheistically inclined, Jeremiah was the great out and out monotheist.

It is a curious fact that, while the great reform inaugurated by Josiah took place during the lifetime of Jeremiah, yet the prophet has little to say about it. He goes on in his fearful language with his awful judgments just the same. And we are led to think that the reform may have been transient and that it lasted only a short time, covering a period of something like thirteen years, down to the death of Josiah. During that whole interval it would seem as if we had no utterances from Jeremiah. None of his prophecies are connected with that period. Perhaps he was occupied in spreading he teachings of Deuteronomy or going about the country helping to carry out the enactments of the king and to make the enforcement of the new laws the more rigid. It may have been a time of comparative spiritual peace to this stern prophet. But as to that, we cannot definitely say. At any rate, with the next king, there was again a re-action, so that there was enough of idolatry, enough of neglect of the worship of Yahweh, or enough of evil conduct, to keep the soul of Jeremiah in its turmoil of spiritual rage.

It may be well for the teacher to turn aside in connection with this subject and read the remarkable chapters concerning Jeremiah, to be found in Renan's "History of the People of Israel," in volume III, chapters X, XI, and XII. But in reading Renan, one must always be careful about taking any of his conclusions, unless they are supported by other authorities. For instance, the teacher should be on his guard with regard to such allusions as that contained in the assumption of Renan concerning the influence of the Book of Job on Jeremiah; inasmuch as the tendency

of opinon among scholars is rather to the effect that the Book of Job was not written until centuries after the time of Jeremiah.

The conception of this great prophet on the part of Renan is of his being a "fanatic, a narrow enthusiast, a somber sectary of holiness. But we must remember that just that kind of enthusiasm of "tragic seriousness" was what was needed at that time in order to save the great thoughts uttered by the prophets, and to perpetuate their influence.

The best method to begin would probably be by reading the account of his "call" on the part of Jeremiah, verses 4-19, in chapter I. We shall see in such a passage how intensely those old prophets believed in themselves as spokesmen for Yahweh. This, which had been a tendency in the earlier teachers, is most conspicuous of all in Jeremiah. He never doubts for an instant that Yahweh talks through his lips and that he is authorized to speak for the God of Israel. In him, we see also the later conception of prophecy coming out more and more, as involving also a foretelling of the future. Something of this, to be sure, was characteristic of all the prophets. It went with their ethical judgments. But it assumes an extraordinary definiteness and audacity in the mouth of Jeremiah.

There could have been little that was cheerful or joyous in the life of this prophet. His note was not cheerful or joyous, but must have been somber or gloomy. And that note fitted in with the tragic experiences which the Kingdom of Judah and the city of Jerusalem had to go through at that time.

In order to bring out something more definite with regard to the times, as a vivid picture to the eye and the mind, and also in order to give an impression of what such a prophet had to live through, it would be well to have a member of the class read aloud the main portion of two chapters in Jeremiah, biographical in character, describing the imprisonment of the prophet, what it meant, how it was brought about, and what he had to endure. It is somewhat rare to have anything of this kind so authentic, as an actual picture, coming to us from times twenty-five hundred years gone by. It must be remembered that Josiah had been dead for some time. A new king had appeared, in whose reign there had been a religious re-action. This king had been conquered by Nebuchadnezzar, and, with his court, had been exiled to Babylonia. Another king had been placed over the country, Zedekiah; and this man organized a revolt against Babylonia, and then Nebuchadnezzar came back and besieged the city, and we are at the time of the final overthrow. Let a member of the class, therefore, read aloud this picture, beginning with verse 4 in chapter XXXVII through verse 24 in chapter XXXVIII. The points of this narrative should be examined carefully, in order to secure a grasp of the situation and the conditions of the time. We see Jeremiah recognized as a prophet in the sense of being able to foretell the future. We see the independence of the king on such prophets, and the faith he puts in their words. We see the arbitrary power, by which a man can be cast into prison, and the frightful experience it involved in being cast into a dungeon from which a prisoner had to be hauled out with ropes, as if he had been confined in a hole in the ground like a living grave. But most of all, we see the utter fearlessness, or fiery audacity of the prophet in actually telling Zedekiah what was going to happen.

It is interesting in studying the utterances of these greatest prophets, to observe how they combined remarkable political insight or sagacity along with their religious fanaticism. Evidently, they practiced foretelling the future only on important occasions; and then by their sound common sense, they quite often surmised and announced what was actually going to happen—although this did not always follow.

A striking instance of this political sagacity, however, is to be observed in the way Jeremiah saw the rising power of Nebuchadnezzar, realized how inevitable would be the success of this great king, advising his own people, therefore, to submit. But most of all, it is significant, the way he points out how, in his mind, Israel's God. Yahweh, may use such a heathen king to execute punishment and carry out the wishes of Yahweh himself as an Ethical Deity. It may be well to just read, therefore, some verses, being like a hymn of welcome sung by Jeremiah to the great rising king of Babylonia, Nebuchadnezzar; beginning with verse 3 of chapter XLVI through verse 26 of the same chapter. It is a prophecy against Egypt. But it brings out the point we have spoken of, in the conception of this prophet as thinking of the Deity making us of human instruments like Nebuchadnezzar, to work out the Divine will.

We see the extraordinary change which had taken place in the fact, that Jeremiah threw overboard the popular faith which had been established by the First Isaiah as to the "inviolability of Zion." This was partly practical sagacity and partly spiritual advance. The two worked together. He had seen from observation how a faith in externals had worked in the wrong way; that confidence in that safety of Jerusalem, as a sacred city, instead of fostering the right kind of worship, merely left the people in a false sense of security. He, therefore, anticipates the overthrow of the whole kingdom. In a mournful passage, he describes how Yahweh had told him that it was useless for him to have wife, family, or home, for all families and all homes throughout the land had ruin impending. Let verses 1-13 in chapter XVI be read aloud, as bringing out a prophecy of this kind, where Jeremiah admits the doom which must fall even upon Jerusalem. A most frightful prophecy of this character is to be found in chapter XV, appalling in its awful pictures of the doom which was coming. No one but a stern fanatic could use such terrible language. A few verses from 1-8 in chapter XV might be read aloud. We can see from this what the feeling of dislike must have been, arising against Jeremiah, how he must have been looked upon as unpatriotic; how he was regarded as untrue or disloyal to the prophets of the past. The king was against him, the people were against him, and even the other prophets or religious teachers must have been against him. But we see how he stood out alone in spite of them all, and clung to his convictions.

It may have been this intense solitude in the life of Jeremiah which led him to take the final step to a supreme, exclusive monotheism. We may have our doubts as to how far the other prophets had been out and out monotheists, in disbelieving in the existence of other gods, while asserting that there could be only one God for Israel. But in Jeremiah, we come to the culmination of this chapter in the growth of theistic beliefs. The very doom which was awaiting Israel; the destruction which had to come; the conquest on the part of the heathen king—instead of leading him to believe in other gods, or to lose faith in his own God, acted just the other way—in emphasizing his conviction that only one Deity was acting through it all, using the heathen king for his purposes, and causing all events to march on to one result.

Whatever else, therefore, we may omit in the prophet Jeremiah, we should not fail to study very carefully his attack upon idolatry, and his standpoint with regard to the one supreme, exclusive God. Let the first sixteen verses of chapter X, therefore, be read aloud. In this passage we have something more than an attack upon idolatry. We come upon an utter repudiation of the other gods, as being non-existent; while in verses 10, 11, 12, of this chapter, we have the assertion of a one only Deity, Yahweh, the God of Israel. Other passages of the same import are to be found

and could be read in Jeremiah. Even in the earlier prophecies from him, we see the same thought developing, as, for instance, in verses 27, 28, and 29 of chapter II, and again, verses 19, 20, 21 of chapter XVI. We cannot get over the wonder, as has been pointed out, that this faith in the sole existence of the God of Israel, should have become the strongest at the very time when the calamities approaching were the greatest. But it all goes with the spiritualizing tendency which had been inaugurated by the earlier prophets, and reached its culmination in Jeremiah. This very calamity leading to the destruction of Jerusalem, was perhaps essential in order to develop such a pure monotheism. It was necessary in order to detach the minds of the Israelites from the materialistic conception of a God of a particular locality, such as Jerusalem, or of a Deity who could make contracts of a material kind, guaranteeing a special spot on the earth to a special people. We see how the conception of Israel itself is spiritualized, as well as the conception of the Deity.

The old notion of a "covenant" between Yahweh and Israel had been of a very material kind, like a human contract, as if it had been written down: "You pay me so much worship, and I stand by you and give you so much material reward." In Jeremiah, the reward becomes spiritual and the worship becomes spiritual.

It is important, therefore, to read the passages touching on Jeremiah's interpretation of what the true "Covenant" meant. We have a reference, therefore, to a "New Covenant," of this more spiritual nature. Read, for instance, aloud the passage of condemnation with regard to the material conceptions of the people, in verses 3-10 of chapter VII, and verses 13-17 of the same chapter; and then the wonderful passage in verses 31-34 of chapter XXXI. This is one of the most remarkable passages in the whole Bible, and was a turning point in the history of religion for the whole world. In the same connection, the verses of hope, 37-40 of chapter XXXII, might be read, where we have the idea of the new covenant meaning putting "fear in the hearts." In such passages, of course, the word "fear" implies rather awe or submission to the supreme Ethical Judge. This conception of a new covenant is far-reaching, because it hints at an ideal Jerusalem, and gives a spiritual conception to the belief in the inviolability of Mount Zion. The passage, therefore has been regarded as a remarkable anticipation of one of the great teachings of Christianity. It led to the thought that the Jerusalem which was to be finally established, was not a city, a definite place on the earth, but a kingdom in the mind and heart.

Yahweh had still kept his covenant; only this covenant had been misunderstood. When the great prophet saw the material object dissolving before his eyes, at last he was capable of seeing the old faith or belief in its higher form. Just as there grew up now the conception of an ideal Israel, independent of the real Israel, consisting of a certain special people; so there grew up this conception of an ideal Jerusalem. We may see future stages, therefore, of this thought, expanded into a universal religion with a possible Jerusalem over the whole earth, and a possible Israel which should include every heart faithful to the precepts of justice and righteousness. In connection with this passage, one should certainly, therefore, read the familiar statement in the Gospel of John, attributed to Jesus, when the old question came up with regard to what was the true center of worship, its proper seat, and where the true Jerusalem was located; and there came the answer, found in verses 21, 23, and 24 of chapter IV of the "Gospel according to John," containing the famous words "God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." From the time of Jeremiah, we shall see growing more and more the dual interpretation as to the meaning of Israel and Jerusalem; the one attaching the names to a particular people and a special location; and the other attaching the names to a condition of the heart and a spiritual kingdom where righteousness alone prevails.

There are other celebrated passages in Jeremiah which should be read. For instance, there is the chapter with regard to the "Potter." Let verses 1-17 of chapter XVIII be read aloud. It goes with the passages dealing with the solemn picture of the supreme God of Israel executing his will as the potter executes a personal will in dealing with the clay. But as we now see, it is always allied with the ethical conception, or of a great supreme judge dealing out justice. The arbitrary element which was characteristic in by-gone times, as if a Deity could do anything he pleased, or as if whatever a Deity did, was right, because it was done by a Deity—this standpoint was gone. From the attitude of Jeremiah, we have a Deity who is the incarnation of the spirit of justice. It is a curious fact that in one of the Books of the New Testament, we find a re-action from this standpoint; going back to the primitive theory of Deity as making right simply by his own arbitrary will. It may be well to read the passage in chapter IX of the Epistle to the Romans, verses 20 and 21. It is almost incredible that hundreds of years later, there should have been such a strange reversion to the primitive theories concerning Deity. This language in the Epistle to the Romans can hardly be considered consistent with the dominant teachings of Christianity. Certainly far finer than that speech of the author of that Epistle, is this standpoint of Jeremiah, stern as it is, which puts a limit even upon the power of Deity, making the Deity itself subject to his own ethical nature. Terrible as is the language of Jeremiah when speaking for Yahweh as a judge, in the awful threats of punishment which are made, there is again and again held out the promise of a withdrawal of these threats, if there is a change in the attitude of the people. If there is an appalling sternness or hardness to the pictures of justice or judgment in the mind of Jeremiah, it can certainly be said that the ethical element is equally strong there, although the element of tenderness may be wanting.

Another fine passage, somber, awful, but stirring in its grandeur, occurs in the fourth chapter, where verses 13-27 might be read aloud; and along with this, another famous passage, dealing with the phrase "wine-cup of his fury," where we are taken once more to the picture of the king of Babylon executing the Divine will and carrying judgment over the earth, in verses 9-37 of chapter XXV. Surely here, too, we have a foretaste of the later conception of a Judgment Day. It would seem as if in this picture the whole earth were involved in the awful punishment that was coming.

In order to fully appreciate the teachings of Jeremiah, we must divide his life into epochs. His prophecy covers a period of something like forty years, and there were five important epochs in his life. The first one came when he was very young, as we have seen, early in the reign of Josiah when he became conscious of his call to become a prophet, and began to give forth his judgments. The second period is what we will have to think of as his epoch of silence, covering the time of reformation under Josiah. A third period was involved in the re-action after the death of Josiah and the reversion on the part of king and people to idolatry again. This must have been the time of greatest spiritual upheaval in his stern, independent nature. Nothing is more trying for such a character than to have seen a certain reformation inaugurated and then to observe the break-down and the re-action. It was then, evidently, that his prophecies rose to their highest pitch of fury, as he outlined the inevitable overthrow of Jerusalem, while picturing

the rise of the great kingdom of Babylon, in the passages we have already studied. The fourth epoch in his life was in the interval after the first siege and capture of Jerusalem. It must not be forgotten that there were two sieges and two captures, the first occurring in 597, when there was the first deportation of a large number of Hebrews to Babylonia, leaving Jeremiah, however, behind. This was a time of sorrow and gloom to the man, although he had anticipated and fortetold just what was going to take place. The fifth epoch covers the last years of the old man's life, after he had been carried off against his will by some fellow-citizens down to Egypt, where at last the soul within him burned itself out and he died.

In connection with these epochs, there are two or three passages which might well be read from their personal interest. One of them deals with that time after the first capture of Jerusalem when thousands of the citizens had been deported to Babylon and Jeremiah remained with the remnant behind. This, undoubtedly, was the great time for thought in the mind of the prophet—a period when perhaps his conception of the spiritual kingdom of Israel and his theory of the new convenant developed in his mind. We fancy this all the more from the fact that he definitely anticipated the second capture and the final destruction of Jerusalem. To his mind, whatever was left of the real Israel was now among those who had been carried off as captives. And we have from him, therefore, a letter sent by him to the exiles in Babylonia before the final destruction of Jerusalem. A part of this letter should certainly be read aloud in the class. It is like a personal document and has a singular interest for this reason, if for no other. It would be well, therefore, to have the part of chapter XXIX read aloud including verses 1 and 4, down through verse 21. It was natural that such a passage should have raised the greatest indignation among those who were left behind—foretelling, as it did, a second siege with a final destruction of Jerusalem, and also reminding the exiles at Babylon of the long period they would have to remain there, covering a time, as he said, of seventy years. It is curious to see how definitely the prophet speaks; how perfectly sure in his own mind he is, with regard to the final outcome, in his faith that the exiles should later on come back again. But the influence, undoubtedly, was wholesome on the exiles, encouraging them to settle definitely in Babylonia, making their home there, while continuing loyal to Yahweh, the God of Israel. It must also not be forgotten that those first exiles also had a great prophet with them, as Jeremiah knew; and the teachings of that prophet we shall have to study at a future time.

One other passage may be read aloud, mainly for the reason that it is assumed to have been the last message ever written or given forth by the stern old prophet. It came from Egypt, when the final destruction of Jerusalem had taken place and the last hope of the Israelities with regard to the inviolability of Mount Zion had given way. The picture which comes from the utterances of the prophet here, is certainly not strange and suggests nothing which might not have been anticipated. Indeed, the first reaction after the death of Josiah, was perfectly natural when we remember that that king had been unusually faithful, and had gone to the extreme in carrying out the injunctions of the prophets in loyalty to Yahweh, and yet had been defeated and killed in battle. To the superficial observer, this surely meant that the God of Israel was not, after all, to be relied upon. Was it strange, therefore, that the same feeling should have come to those down in Egypt with the old prophet, and that a disposition should have arisen to turn and worship the other gods once more, with the hope of securing succor from them, inasmuch as Yahweh seemingly had failed his people. Only the sternest natures could have held on to the conviction that the God of Israel had been true just the same; and that if there had been punishment, it was because the reformation had only been partial and that the people had not been loyal enough. But at any rate, it will be well to let the class read aloud the whole of chapter XLIV, just because it is looked upon as the last prophecy of the stern, unbending, rugged old Jeremiah. It is the same story over again in this description; denunciations for idolatry; warnings that even the remnant left in Egypt should be wiped out, because of their neglect of Yahweh, the God of Israel. It is interesting to see how the passage is inserted as a dialogue between that remnant and Jeremiah, in the way the people answer back the prophet and boldly take up the stand that they will once more worship the "Queen of Heaven," because they believe that Yahweh had failed them.

Jeremiah is the first of the great prophets, we may say, whose personal life and character we can enter into with a certain degree of intimacy, from the tales in his own writings. He has been compared to Savonarola, and those who have the time would certainly find it interesting to study the teachings of the two men along side by side, and observe to what extent there must have been a resemblance in their natures. Both must have been strong, sturdy, powerful men, with an unconscious disposition to feel that whatever stand they took was the stand of Deity himself, and, therefore, to idenify their will with the will of God. But the spirit was narrower in old Jeremiah than in Savonarola. The feeling in the old prophet verged on the vindictive. It is almost overwhelming, the way he identifies his personal enemies with the enemies of God. There is no compromise on his part, no sentiment, no half-heartedness. We could fancy him looking over the parapets of heaven and seeing the wicked writhing in hell, and shouting down at them, "I told you so." This was the man, and that was the characteristic most essential at that time, if a positive, ethical religion was to take root.

It may be well in closing the study to go back over the chapters and read some of the verses which bring out those personal characteristics. For instance, verses 19-23 of chapter XI. Here we see strikingly how Jeremiah recognizes in his personal enemies the enemies of Yahweh. There is something savage in his prayer, "Let me see vengeance on them." Again, take the verses 19-23 in chapter XVIII, where we see the same attitude with an almost exultant prayer on his part that those to whom he had preached and who had not listened to him, should have "their blood poured out by the force of the sword." Surely, nothing could be much stronger than verse 23. If we met with this spirit in a religious teacher of the present day, we should certainly condemn it without qualification, and say that no living mortal in our own time had a right thus to picture his enemies as if they were, necessarily, the enemies of the Most High; and, therefore, to pray for their destruction. We should be convinced that there was something personal in this feeling; something distinctively savage or vindictive. But this does not necessarily follow with regard to Jeremiah in those early days, when feelings were not shaded so carefully, and when the narrow-minded, stern bigot was just the character most essential in order to force certain tendencies to take root in human society.

It has not been suggested, as yet, to study the passages of hope, or the Messianic promises to be found in Jeremiah. The chapters where these promises are found (XXX-XXXIII) are regarded by some as belonging to a later epoch. It may be better to wait until we come to the Second Isaiah, and then study all these various Messianic prophecies occurring in the prophets we have been reading, taking them as one long chapter covering perhaps two centuries of time.

For Jeremiah read the chapter about this prophet by Cornhill, and Chapter VI in Kuenen.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUNDAY.—Whatever other gifts the heavens deny, if God send us love we are blest indeed.

MONDAY.—All true progress advances along the lines of natural development.

TUESDAY.—If the human race is ever to reach that ideal goal, a government by love, its pathway must lie along the line traced out by the loving supremacy of woman in the home.

WEDNESDAY.—The world in general has yet to learn the beauty and the value of simple good-comradeship between men and women.

THURSDAY.—Loyalty of each to the other is the basis of all true, disinterested friendship.

FRIDAY.—The higher needs and prerogatives of the love nature have never been fully recognized.

SATURDAY.—It is human lives by uncounted millions which have been offered up, a limitless sacrifice, for the purchase of the civilization of these later times; and the process is still going on. *Caroline F. Corbin.*

False Kindness.

The softest little fluff of fur!
The gentlest, most persuasive purr!
Oh, everybody told me that
She was the "loveliest little cat!"
So when she on the table sprung,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
I only gently put her down,
And said, "No, no!" and tried to frown;
But if I had been truly kind
I should have made that kitten mind!

Now, large and quick and strong of will,
She'll spring upon the table still,
And, spite of all my watchful care,
Will snatch the choicest dainties there;
And everybody says, "Scat! scat!
She's such a dreadful, dreadful cat!"
But I, who hear them, know with shame
I only am the one to blame,
For in the days when she was young,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
Had I to her been truly kind
I should have made that kitten mind.
—*Harper's Young People.*

Accidental Tumble of a Wild Squirrel.

Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, of Washington, one day last autumn, while out with his camera, chanced to behold a thing the like of which has rarely been seen by human eyes—namely, an accidental tumble by a squirrel in its native woods. It is hardly possible to imagine any creature more sure of footing than a squirrel on a tree. On this occasion a black squirrel was disporting himself in gay fashion on a tall hickory and the doctor edged around the tree to get a snap of him if possible. He ran out upon an old branch, the bark of which, being decayed, suddenly yielded, so that he came tumbling sheer to the ground from a height of fully one hundred feet.

"He came down upon his little stomach, too," said Dr. Shufeldt, in telling the story, "and I supposed, as a matter of course, that he had been killed by the fall. But my anxiety in his behalf was entirely uncalled for. As I ran forward to pick him up he recovered himself and his presence of mind in an instant, and like a flash was off and up another hickory tree. It is needless to say that I got no photograph of him."

It is not at all hard to get photographs of flying squirrels, which are the most tamable of the squirrel kind. They are disposed, indeed, to be very sociable with man, and often live under the eaves of houses and in similar retreats in and about human dwellings. They make engaging pets, being gentle, soft and fluffy, and of an affectionate disposition. In the woods one rarely sees them, their habit being to sleep away the daylight hours in hollow trees or other convenient hiding places, from which they come forth at night to amuse themselves and to gather food. On moonlight nights one has a chance now and then to watch them running along the tree branches and sailing from tree to tree, often covering forty or fifty yards at a leap.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Photographing Wild Animals.

Hunting with a camera is much like hunting with a rifle, only more difficult. One may kill a Virginia deer at a distance of one hundred yards with a good shot, but to get a satisfactory photograph of the same animal one must get within sixty feet of it. The focus must be just right, the exposure of proper length and the sun in the right position.

Fortunately there are a good many wild animals of forest and field that are not very difficult to photograph, though hardly any of them can be said to be easy to catch in this way. You may take an opossum by the tail, put him on a branch of a tree, and tell him to keep still while you snap the shutter. He will do it, too, and you are likely to get a good picture of him, because he is a sluggish beast and when frightened his instinct is not to run away but to remain perfectly quiet and "play 'possum," as the colored folks say.

The more one knows about the habits of animals the better is the chance of success in photographing them in their native wilds. It is not difficult to become acquainted with squirrels, and even to arrive at some degree of friendship with them, if one understands how to go about it. These little creatures, particularly the ground squirrels, are quite disposed to be friendly with anybody who will take the trouble to approach them in a tactful and conciliatory way. You must learn where they live, go to visit them frequently, make yourself personally known to them and gradually cultivate their confidence with the help of nuts and bits of crackers. It is really wonderful how quickly they grow tame under such circumstances, until at length they will come and sit on your lap. This much once accomplished it is easy to secure pictures.

Curiosity seems to be a universal weakness among mammals and birds, and the knowing hunter for animal photographs often takes advantage of it. Sit down in a lonely spot in the woods, keep perfectly quiet and make any sort of queer noise, not too loud, and various denizens of the forest in fur and feathers are likely to come to look into the matter. Dr. Fisher says that on one occasion he lured a barred owl within three or four feet of himself in this manner, by repeatedly making a gentle squeaking sound with mouth and fist. He thinks that the bird would actually have alighted upon his head if he had not suddenly looked up to see what it was doing. Another time he heard, in a thicket, a great outcry, made by many birds of different kinds, and found that the excitement was over a snake that was swallowing some young jays. All the feathered population of the neighborhood had assembled to investigate the disturbance.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

I'd have a clear and competent estate
That I might live genteely, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little more, sometimes, t' oblige a friend,
Nor should the Sons of Poverty repine
Too much at Fortune, they should taste of mine.
—*John Pomfrett.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Sunday-School Literature and Its Place in Sunday-School Work.

Abstract of a Paper Read Before the Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday-Schools by Miss Marion Pritchard, of London, May 1900.

I have been asked to speak this evening on "Sunday-School Literature, and Its Place in Our School Work"; but I want to preface my remarks by a few words on the subject of your organization, as this will have direct bearing on my treatment of the matter in hand.

You in Chicago have undoubtedly achieved a success upon which we may heartily congratulate you; I refer to your having been able to found a union of Sunday-school workers from communities holding different opinions. For it is like getting a full chord instead of a single note; the single note may be sweet and true, but it is apt to be a little thin, whereas when there are several notes, all struck with strength and purity, the music is far richer and more beautiful, if only—and this is not an insignificant "if"—the notes are all in the same key; otherwise discord instead of harmony will result. In God's good time we verily believe that all humanity will join in one vast, glorious master chord, and then indeed the world will give back "the song that now the angels sing." But that time is not yet.

Mankind for the present must be content to sing in very simple keys, but their songs may be sweet and true if the voices keep well in harmony. And that ours may be so this evening it is well to make quite sure in what key we desire to sing. Or, to drop a metaphor, what is our common bond?

We all naturally desire to lead our young people into the fold to which we ourselves belong, that where we have found security and comfort and refreshment we should, like those in whom we are interested, also find a place. But seeing that in your society no less than five different communities are represented, *that* can not be its true key note. Rather may we find in the common acknowledgment that our work is essentially concerned with the building up of character, with the presentment of the highest ideal, whether symbolized under the name of Gold or of Good; with the looking beyond the accidents—the things that are seen—to the things that are eternal. No creeds bind us together—no shibboleth or sibboleth—but we are filled by the same longing to help to ease the burden of the world, by helping the citizens of tomorrow how best to carry that burden, how to avoid those pitfalls into which, perhaps, we have ourselves stumbled, how to recognize the sign-posts which point to the right road, how to train themselves so that they may walk therein without fainting or weariness.

No slight thing this; indeed it is a far harder task than the teaching of any creed, no matter how lengthy; and it will require all the help we can get to make this work of ours good and lasting. First, it needs *ourselves*. An hour every Sunday is not enough. We ought to be ashamed to take up this glorious privilege of being thus coworkers with God Himself and do it (as we are sometimes tempted to do) without the small amount of preparation that even the very slackest of day-school teachers would deem necessary. Second, this work requires the best we can give in the way of *personal influence* and *example*. Then it requires tools, and of these *books* naturally are the principal ones. What books shall we use? With what literature shall we supply our scholars? On this subject I can only speak in general terms, for of course our different communities would look to different books. But here again we have a key note. Never let us use any book whose teachings do not answer to *our* sense of truth. We may be mistaken, the book that we put on one side may be in the abstract truer than the one to which we turn, but that is not the point; unless it is true to us we ought not to use it. And yet, if your experience on this side of the Atlantic is anything like our own across the ocean it will force you to acknowledge that many teachers think that it does not matter much what books our children have, a pretty picture or a shilling story, or even less; the fact that a book lies ready at our hand will frequently be a sufficient reason for choosing to read out of it to the scholars; the fact that its teaching abounds in doctrines and theories which we hold to be untrue counting for little. "Children don't notice that sort of thing," they say.

Now, years ago there was some excuse for this happy-go-lucky method, but today every community can count on several men and women ready and able to help us in the matter of literature. They bring our papers, full of pleasant, wholesome stories; they prepare with great care series of lesson notes which when rightly used will make the teachers' task comparatively easy. But teachers do not make use of their opportunities as they should. I believe this omission is mainly due to the fact that teachers misunderstand the use of books in their class work. If they can not take the manual and use it right away without any preparation, they are apt to grumble and say that if the book can not be used that way, well, then it is not better than any other and is not worth gettting.

Books are *tools*, neither more not less. What should we say to a carpenter who never tried his hand on plane, or saw, or chisel, until he had to make the woodwork of a house? We should ridicule the idea as almost too foolish for conception, and yet we often use our books in this fashion. Perhaps the worst-used volume in this respect is the Bible. That grand old collection of Hebrew and Greek classic literature is constantly handled in this haphazard fashion, and the result is very deplorable; for instead of having its many beautiful passages kindle an enthusiasm for righteousness and truth, it comes to be regarded as something very dull, very wearisome, which must be got through somehow so that teacher may get on to the story. It is not easy to teach from old-time scriptures, I admit; but a little inquiry will enable us to find help from many books written just for the work we have in hand.

The same is true of other themes; to some the voice of uplifting and inspiration comes better through the song of the birds, the scent of the flowers, the instincts of the animals, the laws that govern so wonderfully the physical world, or the life and work of some noble soul. In all these directions help is ready for us in the shape of excellent books—but their contents must be mastered, not merely glanced through before you go to your class. Again, in some subjects, notably those which we think should be taken up with our young people (such as those treating of the grounds of faith and of the higher life) we often feel that books are not enough. Just as the young carpenter has to go to a master hand to learn how to properly use his finest tools, so we want guidance in the more difficult paths of knowledge. But here again we may have help for the asking; indeed, we may not even have to ask, but may have the offer of help already before us, since our ministers are always willing to help the teachers.

Books are our tools, then—tools that we must understand and know how to handle before we can properly use them. Further, we must remember that as the workman chooses his tools not only with regard to the work he wants to do, but also keeping steadily in view the material on which the work is to be done, so the real teacher in choosing a good book for his class must consider his material, the child's mind, and pick accordingly. How often we find some of our most beautiful poems misused, by being given for children to learn who have no power of understanding them. We are apt to forget that a drop of dew will fill the lily's cup.

To recapitulate:

1. We are to choose the best bits of literature that we can, and only those whose teachings are true to us.

2. In selection of our lesson, or our book, we must not only have regard to the aim we have in view—the building up of character and presentment of a high ideal—but we must also remember the limited powers of the young people whose hearts and minds are to be trained.

3. We are to master the contents of the book or chapter, either by ourselves or with outside help, before coming to the class; and even if we get help from books or from the minister, the final lesson preparation must be our own.

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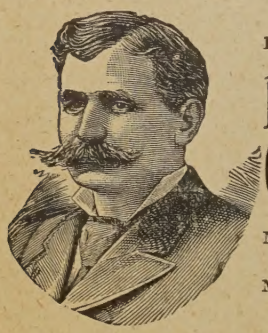

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